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ART. II. — *The Seven Lamps of Architecture.* By JOHN RUSKIN, Author of "Modern Painters." With Illustrations drawn and etched by the Author. New York: John Wiley. 1849. 12mo. pp. 186.

LIKE the other fine arts, architecture is a spontaneous product of a cultivated mind ; one of the fruits of our spiritual nature, one of the privileges of our birthright. In the edifices which man builds for his own habitation, or for national uses, or for the ceremonies of religion, he aims at something beyond mere convenience and utility, even at the expression of ideas of beauty and grandeur, something that will contribute to his joy, will elevate and dignify him, and serve as a fit representative of his hopes and belief. Like the other arts, this attends the course of a nation's power and intelligence, and forms (as we shall see hereafter) one of the most striking and important indications of its condition. In one view, it is the most practical of the arts, being so closely connected with the comfort and convenience of man, and requiring the most practical skill in order to realize its ideas. In another, it is the most ideal, since it finds in nature few or no models, — in its ornaments even, borrowing from nature the elements rather than the perfect shape. In its grander forms, it is immeasurably more vast than the sister arts, and demands the aid of national resources to complete its designs ; but then it repays this aid by bearing most public and permanent witness to the liberality of its authors, defying for ages the power of the elements, and bearing down from one generation to another the name and fame of its builders, mysteriously uniting different centuries, ever awakening our profoundest meditations, and contributing (how much !) to our moral sensibilities.

Like the other arts, it has its schools and its orders. Considered as the representative of religious ideas, it has been divided into the two great classes of heathen and Christian ; or, using those terms which designate its most important schools, Grecian and Gothic. Sometimes it assumes a national nomenclature, as Egyptian, or Grecian, or Moorish, or Italian. These, too, are subdivided according to the peculiarities of some prominent member, as the column or the arch ; and we have the Doric order, with its short columns and

massive simplicity ; the Ionic, with lighter columns and the graceful volute of its capitals ; and the Corinthian, with pillars still more slender, crowned with the gorgeous acanthus. The Gothic, too, though not divided into orders, like the Grecian, still has its flat arch and its pointed arch, and many other peculiarities, by which the patient student determines when and by whom the structure was raised.

Of the different kinds of architecture, there are some general characteristics which may be easily recognized, even though the ideas which they express are not distinctly before the mind. Every nation whose architecture is living, has originated that which gives it peculiarity. To the Egyptian belongs the pyramid and the obelisk, — the latter a slender monolith, with its vertical line of hieroglyphics, — the former, a vast pile, expressive, both by its shape and bulk, of simple weight and stability. Their temples suggest, as the most prominent ideas, permanence and mystery. Obelisks, with their undeciphered hieroglyphics, and sphinxes, with their placid, enigmatic countenances, guard the sepulchral doors ; no window pierces the massive walls ; the whole is like a prison or a tomb. The Greek, though borrowing his arts as well as his letters from Egypt, knew how to endue them with a fresh and exquisite form, and breathe into them the breath of a new life. Around the solid cell of the temple he raised the light and airy colonnade ; upon the pediment he erected statues of gods and heroes ; along the frieze he stretched the fabled Centaurs and Lapithæ, and beneath it hung the shields of those who had returned victorious from battle. There was little of the seclusion and mystery of the Egyptian. Nothing that art could do, working upon the patriotic memories of the people, or their present renown, or their love of the beautiful, or their religious instincts, was omitted to render the temple the centre of every affection, the emblem of the mind and heart of the nation. Every part of the Grecian edifice has a relation to the whole, and is instinct with life. Nothing is superfluous or unfit. The unbroken horizontal line of the long entablature at once catches the eye, and gives the impression of stability and weight, to which the abundant columns are ever opposing their sufficient support ; so that it delights us with the tranquil harmony of its expression, so simple as to be easily comprehended, so perfect in beauty as

never to weary the eye, never grow old to the mind. Its workmen wrought with exquisite skill ; the stones were united with the most beautiful accuracy ; and even at this distance of time, a new principle is every now and then discovered to attest both the profound knowledge and the delicate practice of the marvellous builders.

The Greek style was carried by Greek artists to Italy, Sicily, and the south of France. At Pæstum, a day's journey south of Naples, was erected the magnificent temple to Neptune, which now, thousands of years since it was built, forms, in the solitude of the deserted campagna, one of the most impressive memorials which Italy contains. At Nismes, in the south of France, are carefully cherished, are even used, at this day, the temples and amphitheatres which Greeks and Romans built. The Romans were destitute of the requisite material in which Attica abounded ; there was no Pentelicus near Rome ; hence, had their genius equalled that of the Greeks, they could not easily have rivalled their structures. They built sometimes of brick, oftener of stone ; but their purposes were different from those of the Greeks, and they produced different effects. They needed not only the temple with its narrow *adytum*, but the vaster enclosure, in which half the population of the city might, if necessary, congregate. Then rose their amphitheatre, with columns and arches tier above tier, and its corridors with their vanishing curves, and the vast oval of its interior, and its retreating circles of seats on which a hundred thousand could sit, and from which all could depart without jostling or delaying each other. Then rose the vast expanse of the Pantheon, whose beautiful dome now hangs over the statues of saints, as once it overhung the shrines of all the gods to whom Agrippa, twenty-seven years B. C., devoted it. To show how well they built, with what a grand purpose too, with what an idea of the permanent nature of their work, it may be remembered that the original bronze doors still swing upon the hinges where they were hung one thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven years ago, and every stone remains as the architect placed it, though Constantine II. carried its tiles of gilded bronze to Constantinople in 663, and Pope Urban VIII., in the seventeenth century, took 45,000 pounds of bronze from its portico.

With the prevalence of Christianity and the changed con-

dition of society, another change came over architecture. The ceremonies of religion could be performed only within an enclosure entirely protected. The structure began to be emblematic of the faith ; the church expanded in the form of the cross, a form not only fit as an emblem, but admirably adapted to architectural effect, (especially interior effects, which now came to be carefully considered,) and equally fitted to the convenience of worship. The extended open space at the meeting of the arms of the cross naturally suggested, especially to people living much in the open air, the idea of an elevated expanse. "I will hang the dome of the Pantheon," said M. Angelo, "in mid-heaven." Brunelleschi, the architect of Santa Maria at Florence, had already done something like it. In obedience to the word, rose the dome of St. Peter, fretted and blazing within, like the vault of heaven, and shedding down, through the numerous windows in the dome, a flood of light upon the crowd beneath, the images of saints, and the mosaic pictures. Beside the cathedral, also, in many places rose the campanile, a belfry tower, two of which especially, the leaning tower at Pisa and the campanile of Giotto at Florence, are famous as wonders of the world. Then, too, was sometimes added the *baptistery*, with its marble founts. About the same time, the domestic and civil architecture assumed a permanent form. Palaces, dark, sombre, and frowning, strong as fortresses, yet grand and magnificent as the residence of princes, adorned and dignified the cities, while the hills were crowned with castles.

In the mean time, the northern countries, whose severer climate, by depriving their inhabitants of the free life of the south, made them more meditative, and cultivated their romantic tastes ; whose position, too, removed from the centres of the eastern and the western empires, made them more independent, and gave a chance for original products, gave birth to that complicated, vast, and various style of architecture which we generally term Gothic. Here are no remains of the Greek ; no long horizontal lines ; no dark enclosed cell ; no clear daylight exterior, faultless in its simple proportions ; but a wonderful and intricate pile, shooting heavenward in countless pinnacles, its main spires rising to the utmost limit of architectural skill and daring, its exterior supported with solid or flying buttresses, to resist the horizontal pressure of the

massive roof, and ornamented with a profusion of pinnacles and statues, and grotesque figures, and delicate fret-work, — its interior open to the highest point of the roof. The “garish eye of day” shut out, and with it the noise of the outer world, a “dim religious light” streaming down from “stained windows richly dight” — every thing calling the mind to contemplation, to reserve, to worship.

“ ‘The cathedral,’ says an eloquent writer, ‘is to be considered rather as a forethought than as a finished specimen. It exhibits the effort that has been made to embody those abstract ideas of solemnity and grandeur, which could not be fully realized or accomplished by human power. Still the effect has not failed. Gothic architecture appeals to the imagination, and fancy half supplies the deficiencies of the material scene. A Gothic building has always the charm of mystery; it always appears to be larger than its actual dimensions. The mouldings, the pillars, the arches, always create receding shadows; and to the mind the idea of space arises from a succession of shadows, just as a conception of time results from the succession of ideas. In the earlier Gothic styles, the management of the aerial tints was studied with remarkable skill. . . . The Gothic style always fills the eye, and conveys the notion of comprehension and capacity. Habitation, and converse, and congregational worship beneath its roof, are seen to be its intent. We are invited to enter into the cathedral. The portals expand, and in the long perspective which appears between the pillars of the porch, and ends in the distant choir, the light darts downwards through the lofty unseen windows, each marked by its slanting beam of luminous haze, chequering the pillars and the pavement, and forming a translucent gloom. Gothic architecture is an organic whole, bearing within it a living, vegetating germ. Its parts and lines are linked and united; they spring and grow out of each other. Its essence is the curve, which in the physical world is the token of life or organized matter, just as the straight line indicates death or inorganized matter. It is a combination of arches, whose circles may be infinitely folded, multiplied, and embraced. Hence the parts of a Gothic building may be expanded indefinitely, without destroying its unity. However multiplied and combined, they still retain their relative bearing; however repeated, they never encumber each other. All the arched openings, the tall mullioned windows, the recessed doors, are essential parts; they do not pierce the walls of the structure; on the contrary, they bind them together. The spire may rise aloft, the large and massy walls may lengthen along the soil; but still the building preserves its consistency.

Richness of decorations, color and gold, may increase the effect of the Gothic style ; but the inventor chiefly relies upon his art and science. Gravitation, which could bring the stone to the ground, is the power which fixes it in the archivolt, and every pinnacle bears witness to the mastery which the architect has gained. Frequently the details are bad. Parts considered by themselves are often destitute of beauty ; but they are always relevant, and all minor faults are lost in the merits of the entirety. The history of the style accounts for its propriety, its chiefest merit. Gothic architecture, whatever its primitive elements may have been, was created in the northern parts of Europe ; it was there adapted to the wants of a more inclement sky. Its structures were destined for the religious worship of the people amongst whom it was matured. In a Gothic church, no idea can possibly arise save that of Christianity and of the rites of Christianity. We cannot desecrate it even in thought. From its mode of construction, no convenience which we need, ever becomes a blemish, and its character assimilates itself to every emblem or ornament which its use requires." *London Quarterly Review*, July, 1822.

No style of architecture is, therefore, so free as this ; none other admits of such elaborate and fanciful detail. The most luxuriant fancy of the architect had the fullest scope, the grand religious impression of the whole fearlessly authorizing accessaries the most various and peculiar. And who were the architects ? We do not know that there has come down to us the name of a single builder of any of the hundreds of churches which rise all over Germany, and the northern part of France, and Belgium, and England, in such variety, (no two being alike,) and with such indubitable evidence of the genius and skill of their authors. Perhaps they were conceived and planned by ecclesiastics, whose life was so swallowed up in that of the church they served, that their names and individual existence were thought of little consequence. They received their reward in the very processes and effects of their art. It is probable that these structures were built, not unfrequently, by the guilds of masons, which, we know, existed in almost every country during the middle ages, and who had their secret craft and enjoyed particular privileges. However that may be, they built with an amazing economy of time and expense, and a large exhibition of manual skill and mechanical knowledge. Still, centuries were sometimes re-

quired for completing the works which they began in faith, and carried on in love. Many are yet unfinished. There was a fine sentiment, as it seems to us, in leaving, on the incomplete tower of the cathedral at Cologne, the crane with which the stones were raised, and renewing it when it decayed, that it might ever stand as a mute prophet of unfulfilled purpose.

It is almost as impossible to exaggerate the beauty of many of these structures, as it is to conceive their various effects, viewed in all the conditions each one is capable of; from below and above, when the sunlight of morning is creeping down, or the sunlight of evening is creeping up, the spire; or within, where great masses of light and of shade meet and mingle, and overwhelm the observer with a sense of vastness, and thought, and mysterious, solemn beauty. To erect a structure of lath and plaster, which becomes superannuated at fifty years, which every wind of heaven makes creak and shiver, is excusable for those who must build something, and cannot afford to build any thing better; but we cannot expect the full effect of architecture in such an edifice, nor should we blame the art or judge it harshly, if we fail to receive from it the expected lesson.

Yet we need not look for nor resort to any recondite argument to show the power of this art. What traveller has not garnered up, among the most precious treasures of his memory, the hours when first he saw some of those grand relics of former labors? — the hour when, entering the Porta Cavallegieri at midnight, a full moon throwing its silver light over roof, and spire, and dome, he found himself, all unawares, before the circling colonnade of St. Peter's? or when, wandering he knew not where, through the grass-grown streets of the silent city, he suddenly stood before the majestic front, beneath the frowning cornices, of the Farnese Palace? or when for the first time he rested upon the upper seats of the Coliseum, or wandered through its vaulted passages? or paused in the great quadrangle of the Ducal Palace at Venice? or heard, at gray twilight, the receding echoes in the baptistery at Pisa? or looked upon the dim old pictures in the Campo Santo? Can he forget the hour, when, fresh from the new world, he stood before the vast and wonderful front of the cathedral at Rouen? or, when, journeying homeward, sated

and wearied with a lengthened pilgrimage, having all day skirted the borders of the Black Forest, he saw from far the beautiful spire of the minster of Freyburg, and hastened to repose beneath the grateful shadow of its walls? If he can, then may he better have plodded and dug at home. History, for him, has no grandeur; art, no glories.

Perhaps no work of man awakens so strong a sympathy with the past — a sympathy with our race, indeed, and a wise meditation — as a building, which for hundreds of years has received the successive generations of men; has looked down on their business, their sufferings, their glory, and seen it all pass away. The earth is old, but its age does not affect us so strongly, for it shows few signs of age; it renews itself every year, and is constantly changed by the active energy of man. Our eyes do not see the same world that our fathers looked on, or else it is so much the same that we forget the time that has rolled away. Hence, too, of different buildings, one produces a stronger effect than another; the ruins of the Parthenon, where art lavished her powers, than the pyramids, older, by far, but less touched by time, and less capable of indicating its ravages. We have sometimes thought that, in connection with any public institution, especially an institution for education, a really fine building, standing age after age, as a kind of visible representative of the spirit of the place, the *religio loci*, is a more valuable education of the finer sensibilities, and of temperate and just thought, than books or teachers. Especially would this power be felt, as a country grew older, and could look back to a long line of distinguished men; and, every college would gather up the name and fame of its alumni, as its choice treasures. To remember the great and good, who once walked along these aisles and toiled in those chambers, does something to fortify one against indolence, something to prompt him to good resolutions and earnest labor. Charles Lamb refers beautifully to this intangible, and somewhat indefinite, but strong effect, in his *Recollections of Christ's Hospital*, when speaking of the tone of character imparted to the boy by "the antiquity and regality of the foundation to which he belongs; by his old and awful cloisters, with their traditions; by his spacious school-rooms; by his stately dining-hall, hung round with pictures by Verrio and Lely;" by the

remembrances which went back to the very founder, "that godly and royal child, King Edward VI., the flower of the Tudor name — the young flower that was untimely cropped, as it began to fill our land with its early odors — the boy-patron of boys — the serious and holy child, who walked with Cranmer and Ridley, fit associate, in those tender years, for the bishops and future martyrs of the church, to receive or (as occasion sometimes proved) to give instruction." Should we not, therefore, look with more favor upon efforts for the construction of an edifice in connection with a public institution, where architectural skill and taste might find full scope, than upon the erection of plain, if not unsightly dormitories, except, indeed, so far as these last are absolutely required? Should we not build, too, upon the best plan and in the best way, so far as the means will allow, and then wait for a future day to complete the design?

Thus far, we have spoken rather loosely of the prominent styles and general effects of this earliest of the constructive arts. But the question arises, whether there are not certain laws derivable from the nature of the mind, from the very character of that intellectual delight and profit which the art affords, — certain principles, which must have lain in the minds of the great builders and given birth to their works, which will enable us to understand their merits, and which, when felt, will be the best assurance of excellent products in their art hereafter. To answer these questions, and to exhibit some of these "laws which are based upon man's nature, not upon his knowledge," is the object of the volume whose title we have placed at the head of our article; a volume which, we acknowledge, has bound us with a spell too strong to be easily broken, and too delightful to be resisted. If it sometimes attenuates the thought beyond our power to follow it; if it stretches a point to carry out a preconceived notion; if even it occasionally substitutes imagination for fact, — to prove which, however, would require an observation as accurate and an affection as true as its author everywhere exhibits, but which certain unaccountable heresies in the "Modern Painters" might lead us to anticipate, — all is amply atoned for by the generous and noble thoughts, the delicacy, the beauty and truth, so elegantly exhibited and enforced, as well as by the glory thrown over the grand art itself by

speculations so subtle, yet so large. Whether its technical distinctions be true or false, its nomenclature philosophical or otherwise, matters little, compared with the refining and elevating influence it must exercise upon the public taste. It has a worth beyond and above the power of technicalities, and will touch with joy many a heart to which *cusp* and *mul-lion*, *transept* and *apse*, are little better than words of a barbarian; many to whom, from want of opportunity or of study, the pages of minute and learned criticism will be of the least value or interest. And so far as our own country is concerned, we think it of much importance to give a wise direction to the awakening taste. One need not travel far to become convinced of the increasing interest taken in architecture, both public and domestic. In our quiet villages, there have risen many a tower and spire, such as, in spite of the frail material of which they are built, it does us good to look upon; such as it is a joy and blessing even to pass near in our daily ways and walks; such as it brings the light into the eyes to see from far, lifting their fair heights above the crowd of humble roofs. That there has been much that is extravagant, and fantastical, and in bad taste, we know too well; but in many of these abortive attempts, we are not slow to discover the germ of something better; at least the aspiring mind, dissatisfied with the present, and earnest for the future, ready for instruction, and grateful for it when bestowed.

It has been far enough from our purpose to give a dissertation on architecture. We would rather direct our readers to a brief analysis of the volume of Mr. Ruskin, although we are aware how dry and unsatisfactory is an abstract of a work in which the imagination plays a part so conspicuous. To exhibit the ideas of the author, it will fortunately be necessary to quote liberally from the book itself, and to use its phrases even where it would be difficult to acknowledge them.

The first of these guiding principles, which are dignified by the attractive but obscure name of "*Lamps of Architecture*," is the *Spirit of Sacrifice*. "Architecture," says Mr. Ruskin, "is the art which so disposes and adorns the edifices raised by man, for whatsoever uses, that the sight of them contributes to his mental health, power, and pleasure." It is distinguished from building, because that has reference merely to the con-

venience and comfort of a structure, and its general fitness to the practical end for which it is designed. Architecture concerns those characteristics of an edifice which are above or beyond its common use. It may be arranged under five heads, according to the purposes to which buildings are devoted, — devotional, memorial, civil, military, and domestic.

With respect to all these kinds, but particularly to devotional and memorial architecture, the spirit of sacrifice, (to state the idea as strongly as possible,) offers such things "as are precious simply because they are precious, not because they are useful or necessary." "Of two marbles, for instance, equally beautiful and durable, it chooses the more costly, because it is so; and of two kinds of decoration equally effective, it would choose the more elaborate, because it was so, in order that it might, in the same compass, present more cost and more thought." This is the opposite of the feeling, which, with true commercial sagacity, seeks to produce the most at the cheapest rate; but it is the feeling which has prevailed whenever and wherever art has produced its noblest products, — a feeling similar to that which prompted David *not* to accept the threshing-floor and oxen of Araunah as a gift, but to buy it. "Neither will I offer burnt-offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing."

This idea the author finds developed and illustrated in the ancient Jewish services as ordained by God: in the blue and purple and scarlet hangings; the brass and silver and gold of the tabernacle and the temple; and this, notwithstanding the danger that a sensuous people would be led by this external splendor — certainly were in imminent danger of being led — to idolatry.

"Yet against this mortal danger provision was not made in one way, (to man's thoughts the simplest, the most natural, the most effective,) by withdrawing from the worship of the Divine Being whatever could delight the sense, or shape the imagination, or limit the idea of Deity to place. This one way God refused, demanding for himself such honors, and accepting for himself such local dwelling, as had been paid and dedicated to idol gods by heathen worshippers; and for what reason? Was the glory of the tabernacle necessary to set forth or image his divine glory to the minds of his people? What! purple or scarlet necessary to the people who had seen the great river of Egypt run scarlet to the sea, under his condemnation? What! golden lamp and

cherub necessary for those who had seen the fires of heaven falling like a mantle on Mount Sinai, and its golden courts opened to receive their mortal lawgiver? What! silver clasp and fillet necessary, when they had seen the silver waves of the Red Sea clasp in their arched hollows the corpses of the horse and his rider? Nay — not so. There was but one reason, and that an eternal one; that as the covenant that He made with men was accompanied with some external sign of its continuance, and of his remembrance of it, so the acceptance of that covenant might be marked and signified by use, in some external sign of their love and obedience, and surrender of themselves and theirs to his will; and that their gratitude to him, and continual remembrance of him, might have at once their expression and their enduring testimony in the presentation to him, not only of the firstlings of the herd and fold, not only of the fruits of the earth and the tithe of time, but of all treasures of wisdom and beauty; of the thought that invents, and the hand that labors; of wealth of wood, and weight of stone; of the strength of iron, and of the light of gold."

It was this spirit of ready and generous contribution, of patient and affectionate labor, which raised, in other days, structures whose costliness, however great, was but their smallest praise; the spirit which found its satisfaction in giving to an object of general love, and which received back the rich recompense of him who gives not grudgingly, but cheerfully. "Do not think the feeling a folly, or the act itself useless. Of what use was that dearly bought water of the well of Bethlehem, with which the King of Israel slaked the dust of Adullam? Yet was not this better than if he had drunk it? Of what use was that passionate act of Christian sacrifice, against which, first uttered by the false tongue, the very objection we would now conquer took a sullen tone forever?"*

Religion may not need the arts, but the arts need the exalting influence of religion; to its service, in order to flourish most, they must be devoted "by both architect and employer; by the one, in scrupulous, earnest, affectionate design; by the other, in expenditure at least more frank, less calculating, than that which he would admit in the indulgence of his own private feelings." The sacrifice of which the author speaks is by no means of money merely, but of mind, of long thought,

* Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor? — John xii. 5.

of the fulness of intellectual strength ; not the spirit which lets itself out for hire, but which, without recompense, finds its chief joy in the ideal perfection of its work ; the spirit of Michael Angelo, when he undertook the building of St. Peter's for the honor of God, and with an express stipulation that he should receive no pay ; which made Haydn (to draw an illustration from another art) inscribe on the paper when he sat down to compose his greatest works, *Soli Deo gloria* ; which leads the workman on the cornice or the frieze, which not one eye in ten thousand will notice, to be as careful and conscientious as if every thing depended on him. This spirit evidently will secure the full power of the artist's mind upon the work. He will do his best ; he will not work beneath his strength. This it is which is so beautiful to see in the structures which excite the most affectionate admiration. The closer the examination, the fresher, the more numerous, the more delicate, the more surprising the beauties which we detect. The wonderful exuberance of the carving ; the immense multiplication of the figures, not always done well, but done with a good will, with painstaking, with love ; the delicate lines carried up to the very top of the spire, beyond the reach of any eye but his who would climb to see them, — all attest the care that nothing should be slighted ; all show the faith and zeal of the times.

“ Those fair fronts of variegated mosaic, charged with wild fancies and dark hosts of imagery, thicker and quainter than ever filled the depth of midsummer dream ; those vaulted gates, trellised with close leaves ; those window-labyrinths of twisted tracery and starry light ; those misty masses of multitudinous pinnacles and diademed tower, are the only witnesses, perhaps, that remain to us of the faith and fear of nations. All else, for which the builders sacrificed, has passed away ; all their living interests, and aims, and achievements. We know not for what they labored, and we see no evidence of their reward, victory, wealth, authority, happiness ; — all have departed, though bought by many a bitter sacrifice. But of them and their life and their toil upon the earth, one reward, one evidence, is left to us in those gray heaps of deep-wrought stone. They have taken with them to the grave their powers, their honor, and their errors ; but they have left us their adoration.” p. 24.

From the Lamp of Sacrifice we pass to *The Lamp of Truth*. This principle requires the avoidance of all archi-

tectural deceit. As moral truth lies at the foundation of every valuable character ; as, too, we feel the injury, not only of open falsehood, which we may detect and crush, but still more perhaps of the habit of careless untruthfulness, through which we gradually become indifferent to the beauty and glory of truth itself ; so in art, the true dignity of it advances and declines as this principle is remembered or forgotten. Conscientiousness must be a quality of the artist as truly as any intellectual or mechanical skill ; and pretence, concealment, and deceit are to be as much avoided in building as in every thing else. Although this general rule will hold, there is, as a little reflection will show, considerable delicacy and difficulty in its application, the same appliances in different situations producing different effects. Nobody imagines the gilded picture-frame to be gold ; but a gilded ornament in jewelry at once offends as an imposition. Whitewash upon the walls shows what it is ; we understand its purposes ; but if wood by the side of the whitened stone be whitewashed so as to deceive us, it becomes, to a certain extent, offensive. A painted wall may be perfectly proper, indeed, indispensable to neatness and propriety ; but it may be a perpetual lie, forever mocking the eye, and as soon as detected, degrading the whole structure, taking away from what is real its beauty, by throwing suspicion upon it. A carved frame pleases us in proportion to the skill and beauty and difficulty of the work ; but a frame with moulded ornaments, a mere mechanical work, cheapens and vilifies every similar thing we set eyes on, whose honest and substantial excellence we cannot at once detect. Diamonds themselves are cheapened by paste.

The evil of architectural deceptions is considered by the author under three heads. 1. "The suggestion of a mode of structure or support, other than the true one ; as in the pendants of late Gothic roofs." 2. "The painting of surfaces to represent some other material than that of which they actually consist, (as in the marbling of wood,) or the deceptive representation of sculptured ornament upon them." 3. "The use of cast or machine-made ornaments of any kind. Now it may be broadly stated, that architecture will be noble exactly in the degree in which all these false expedients are avoided."

Omitting the first of these heads, as less easily illustrated,

let us look a moment at the second, — surface-deceits. The most reprehensible of these is the false representation of material, as of wood turned into marble or granite, and yet in a score of ways betraying the deception. Any such imitation of a precious or costly material may be tolerated, perhaps, in a cheap structure, where it is perfectly innocent of giving any higher impression than that of a tolerable or a vile imitation; but introduce it into architecture of a high rank, a structure of cost and beauty, and how it dishonors the whole! Especially is this painful in churches, where every thing ought to be true, above disguises, above falsehood. A plainly colored wall, whose mild tint will not dazzle the eye, is far to be preferred to the so-called fresco architectural paintings, which are forever puzzling us to detect what is true and what is false, or making us wonder at the singular freak of nature, which casts the shadows in the very face of the sun. We do hope that this detestable method of ornamenting, or rather of disfiguring, our churches has had its day. Arches, and columns, and vistas behind the pulpit are bad on every account. As mere architectural drawings, they are false and painful to every eye but the one in the proper point of vision; while to every just mind they appear generally as a glaring absurdity, and always as a perplexing and distracting deceit. But this may not be thought a matter of much consequence —

“Perhaps not to religion (though I cannot but believe that there are many to whom, as to myself, such things are serious obstacles to the repose of mind and temper which should precede devotional exercises); but to the general tone of our judgment and feeling — yes; for assuredly we shall regard with tolerance, if not with affection, whatever forms of material things we have been in the habit of associating with our worship, and be little prepared to detect or blame hypocrisy, meanness, and disguise in other kinds of decoration, when we suffer objects belonging to the most solemn of all services to be tricked out in a fashion so fictitious and unseemly.” p. 41.

And afterwards, on the subject of false ornament, the author goes on to say with a pardonable vehemence: —

“Exactly as a woman of feeling would not wear false jewels, so would a builder of honor disdain false ornaments. The using of them is just as downright and inexcusable a lie. You use that which pretends to a worth it has not; which pretends to have a

cost, and to be, what it did not, and is not ; it is an imposition, a vulgarity, an impertinence, and a sin. Down with it to the ground, grind it to powder, leave its ragged place upon the wall rather ; you have not paid for it, you have no business with it, you do not want it. Nobody wants ornaments in this world, but everybody wants integrity. All the fair devices that ever were fancied are not worth a lie. Leave your walls as bare as a planed board, or build them of baked mud or chopped straw, if need be ; but do not rough-cast them with falsehood." p. 45.

There is not time to indicate here, how far the general principle is applicable to structures, which, instead of being thoroughly what they seem, are only *veneerings* of stone, the mass of the wall being of some cheaper material ; or which lift a bold front of stone, while the body of brick retreats and hides itself, as well as it can, from observation. Nor yet can another and broader application of the principle be more than noticed, — namely, that every order of architecture has its laws, and exhibits certain effects ; and when, for any reason, it forsakes these, it becomes untrue to itself and begins to decline.

"So fell the great dynasty of the mediæval architecture. It was because it had lost its own strength, and disobeyed its own laws, — because its order, and consistency, and organization had been broken through, so that it could oppose no resistance to the rush of overwhelming innovation." "It was not the robber, not the fanatic, not the blasphemer, who *sealed* the destruction that they had wrought ; the war, the wrath, the terror, might have worked their worst, and the strong walls would have risen, and the light pillars would have started again from under the hand of the destroyer. But they could not rise out of the ruins of their own violated truth." pp. 55, 56.

The Lamp of Power. This principle of architectural expression is the result of whatever quality in a building enables it to seize firm hold of the imagination, or rather of whatever quality is not included within the province of beauty. It may be the simple magnitude of the building, or the massiveness of separate stones, or its towering height, or its shape so ordered that the eye can easily take in the whole. The development of this idea, however, we are compelled to pass with this brief allusion.

The Lamp of Beauty, too, the fourth in the mystic seven, is so generally recognized as one of the most prominent aims

of all architecture, that we might dismiss it with a word ; and indeed this is almost necessary, unless we would discuss the topic to its utmost extent, for the subject is intimately connected with the whole consideration of beauty in the arts. It is treated in this volume under the heads of Beauty of Ornament, Beauty of Design, and Beauty of Color. Some of the remarks on the *place* of beauty are worthy of much attention. Nature pleases us by appealing at the same time to many of our senses, and by presenting to them at once a great variety of delightful objects. The architect can select from these but a single subject, and represent it in a severe and inflexible material.

“ Now let us consider for an instant what would be the effect of continually repeating an expression of a beautiful thought to any other of the senses at times when the mind could not address that sense to the understanding of it. Suppose that in time of serious occupation, of stern business, a companion should repeat in our ears continually some favorite passage of poetry, over and over again, all day long. We should not only soon be utterly sick and weary of the sound of it, but that sound would at the end of the day have so sunk into the habit of the ear, that the entire meaning of the passage would be dead to us, and it would ever thenceforward require some effort to fix and recover it. The music of it would not meanwhile have aided the business in hand, while its own delightfulness would thenceforward be in a measure destroyed. It is the same with every other form of definite thought. If you violently present its expression to the senses, at times when the mind is otherwise engaged, that expression will be ineffective at the time, and will have its sharpness and clearness destroyed for ever. Much more if you present it to the mind at times when it is painfully affected or disturbed, or if you associate the expression of pleasant thought with incongruous circumstances, you will affect that expression thenceforward with a painful color forever.

“ Apply this to expressions of thought received by the eye. Remember that the eye is at your mercy more than the ear. ‘ The eye, it cannot choose but see.’ Its nerve is not so easily numbed as that of the ear, and it is often busied in tracing and watching forms when the ear is at rest. Now, if you present lovely forms to it when it cannot call the mind to help it in its work, and among objects of vulgar use and unhappy position, you will neither please the eye nor elevate the vulgar object. But you will fill and weary the eye with the beautiful form, and you will infect that form itself with the vulgarity of the thing to which you

have violently attached it. It will never be of much use to you any more ; you have killed or defiled it ; its freshness and purity are gone. You will have to pass it through the fire of much thought before you will cleanse it, and warm it with much love before it will revive.

“Hence then a general law, of singular importance in the present day, a law of simple common sense,—not to decorate things belonging to purposes of active and occupied life. Wherever you can rest, there decorate ; where rest is forbidden, so is beauty. You must not mix ornament with business, any more than you may mix play. Work first, and then rest. Work first, and then gaze, but do not use golden ploughshares, nor bind ledgers in enamel. Do not thrash with sculptured flails ; nor put bas-reliefs on millstones. What ! it will be asked ; are we in the habit of doing so ? Even so ; always and everywhere. The most familiar position of Greek mouldings in these days is on shop fronts. There is not a tradesman’s sign, nor shelf, nor counter in all the streets of all our cities, which has not upon it ornaments which were invented to adorn temples and beautify kings’ palaces. There is not the smallest advantage in them where they are. Absolutely valueless—utterly without the power of giving pleasure, they only satiate the eye, and vulgarize their own forms. Many of these are in themselves thoroughly good copies of fine things, which things themselves we shall never, in consequence, enjoy any more.” pp. 97, 98.

The Lamp of Life. The principle next in order is that which requires in architecture the evidence of a measure of creative energy, a vivid expression of the intellectual life which has been concerned in its production. There is a deep truth in this, applicable to far other things than architecture, a truth which we can better feel than describe. In the discussion of it in the volume before us, one fact is so blended with another, and the whole so dependent on illustrations, that we can hardly find a passage brief enough for quotation, which will indicate the author’s course of thought. We will take, however, as coming nearest to our wishes, the closing remarks on the cutting of ornaments.

“I believe the right question to ask, respecting all ornament, is simply this : Was it done with enjoyment—was the carver happy while he was about it ? It may be the hardest work possible, and the harder because so much pleasure was taken in it ; but it must have been happy too, or it will not be living. How much of the stonemason’s toil this condition would exclude, I

hardly venture to consider, but the condition is absolute. There is a Gothic church, lately built near Rouen, vile enough, indeed, in its general composition, but excessively rich in detail ; many of the details are designed with taste, and all evidently by a man who has studied old work closely. But it is all as dead as leaves in December ; there is not one tender touch, not one warm stroke, on the whole façade. The men who did it hated it, and were thankful when it was done. And so long as they do so, they are merely loading your walls with shapes of clay : the garlands of everlastings in Père la Chaise are more cheerful ornaments. You cannot get the feeling by paying for it — money will not buy life. I am not sure even that you can get it by watching or waiting for it. It is true that here and there a workman may be found who has it in him, but he does not rest contented in the inferior work — he struggles forward into an Academician ; and from the mass of available handicraftsmen the power is gone — how recoverable I know not : this only I know, that all expense devoted to sculptural ornament, in the present condition of that power, comes literally under the head of sacrifice for the sacrifice's sake, or worse. I believe the only manner of rich ornament that is open to us is the geometrical color-mosaic, and that much might result from our strenuously taking up this mode of design. But, at all events, one thing we have in our power — the doing without machine ornament and cast-iron work. All the stamped metals, and artificial stones, and imitation woods and bronzes, over the invention of which we hear daily exultation — all the short, and cheap, and easy ways of doing that whose difficulty is its honor — are just so many new obstacles in our already encumbered road. They will not make one of us happier or wiser — they will extend neither the pride of judgment nor the privilege of enjoyment. They will only make us shallower in our understandings, colder in our hearts, and feebler in our wits. And most justly. For we are not sent into this world to do any thing into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously ; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily : neither is to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will ; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all. Perhaps all that we have to do is meant for nothing more than an exercise of the heart and of the will, and is useless in itself ; but, at all events, the little use it has may well be spared, if it is not worth putting our hands and our strength to. It does not become our immortality to take an ease inconsistent with its authority, nor to suffer any instruments with which it can dispense, to come between it and the things it rules : and he who would form the creations of his own mind by any other instrument than his own hand, would also, if he might, give

grinding organs to Heaven's angels, to make their music easier. There is dreaming enough, and earthiness enough, and sensuality enough in human existence, without our turning the few glowing moments of it into mechanism ; and since our life must at the best be but a vapor that appears for a little time and then vanishes away, let it at least appear as a cloud in the height of heaven, not as the thick darkness that broods over the blast of the furnace and rolling of the wheel." pp. 144, 145.

The Lamp of Memory. Between the scenery of a newly discovered country and of a country old and long known, there is always this great difference, that the former, however grand, however vast, however beautiful, has associated with it no *human* interest. The mountains rise awful and solitary, the lakes expand like crystal mirrors, the virgin forests stretch from the rising to the setting sun ; but they have witnessed none of the struggles of men, neither the birth nor the dissolution of empires ; neither hero, nor sage, nor saint, nor martyr, has dignified or hallowed them by his footsteps. Nothing is so dear to us as close sympathy with our kind ; desert places become populous, heaps of rubbish eloquent, when we know them to have been connected with great achievements, with human glory or suffering. The sympathy is more intense, the imagination more strongly impressed, the moral lessons more weighty, when there are visible and tangible memorials of the events. Thus there is ever a mutual and reciprocal influence between the historical truth and the visible monument. We look off from the pyramid with an interest increased a thousandfold, when we remember that perhaps from that very spot the eye of Plato was once, like ours, turned towards Memphis and old Thebes. Every pillar, every prostrate stone, of the Parthenon is eloquent of the glory, the refinement, the art of Greece. We have an idea of the life of the mediæval times, vivid beyond all former possibility, when we look upon the fortress-like palaces of Florence and Rome, — the dungeons where the Ugolinos perished with hunger, — the squares where the flames curled up around Savonarola the reformer, and Giordano Bruno the philosopher. Now this is one of the grandest results of architecture ; nor can the architect rise to the full effect of his noble art unless he has this purpose of it fully in mind. A thousand years after he is dead, his work proclaims to every

passer-by, not *his* skill and toil alone, or chiefly, but the life of the generations which, like a mighty current, have swept by this firm landmark, and left upon it in imperishable outlines the memorials of their thoughts and feelings and deeds. "How cold is all history, how lifeless all imagery, compared to that which the living nation writes, and the uncorrupted marble bears ! How many pages of doubtful record might we not often spare for a few stones left one upon another ! The ambition of the old Babel builders was well directed for this world ; there are but two strong conquerors of the forgetfulness of men, poetry and architecture ; and the latter in some sort includes the former, and is mightier in its reality ; it is well to have, not only what men have thought and felt, but what their hands have handled and their strength wrought, and their eyes beheld all the days of their life. The age of Homer is surrounded with darkness, his very personality with doubt. Not so that of Pericles ; and the day is coming when we shall confess, that we have learned more of Greece out of the crumbled fragments of her sculpture than even from her sweet singers or soldier historians." It is this function of architecture, as a representative of *age*, that imparts to it its highest glory. "And this is a characteristic," says Mr. Ruskin, "to my mind so essential, that I think a building cannot be considered in its prime until four or five centuries have passed over it ; and that the entire choice and arrangement of its details should have reference to their appearance after that period, so that none should be admitted which would suffer material injury either by the weather, staining, or the mechanical degradation which the lapse of such a period would necessitate."

"Therefore, when we build, let us think that we build forever. Let it not be for present delight, nor for present use alone ; let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for, and let us think, as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and men will say, as they look upon the labor and wrought substance of them, 'See ! this our fathers did for us.' For indeed, the greatest glory of a building is not in its stones, or in its gold ; but in its age, . . . in its lasting witness against men ; in its quiet contrast with the transitional character of all things ; in the strength which, through the lapse of seasons and times, and the decline and birth of dynasties, and the changing of the face of

the earth, and of the limits of the sea, maintains its sculptured shapeliness for a time insuperable, connects forgotten and following ages with each other, and half constitutes the identity, as it concentrates the sympathy, of nations. It is in that golden stain of time, that we are to look for the real light and color and preciousness of architecture ; and it is not until a building has assumed this character, till it has been entrusted with the fame and hallowed by the deeds of men, till its walls have been witnesses of suffering, and its pillars rise out of the shadows of death, that its existence, more lasting as it is than that of the natural objects of the world around it, can be gifted with even so much as these possess of language and of life." p. 155.

Of this series, the *Lamp of Obedience* is the last. Architecture, like the other arts, is no irregular or fantastic production, but, like them, must be obedient to the necessities of the times, and the spirit of the people, their polity, life, history, and religious faith, out of which it must grow ; it should not even be restless and anxious for the new, but eager for the beautiful, the grand, the fitting. So only can it be sure of a character, and rise to its grandest effects. There are, indeed, times when great changes are needed in art, and new schools are founded ; but these are the result of a natural growth and development, and not of a mechanical compulsion. There are times when the life of art is shown by its throwing off ancient limitations ; so there are in the life of an insect ; and these are times of great interest to both.

"But as that would be both an uncomfortable and foolish caterpillar which, instead of being contented with a caterpillar's life and feeding on caterpillar's food, was always striving to turn itself into a chrysalis ; and as that would be an unhappy chrysalis, which should lie awake at night and roll restlessly in its cocoon in efforts to turn itself prematurely into a moth, so will that art be unhappy and unprosperous which, instead of supporting itself on the food, and contenting itself with the customs, which have been enough for the support and guidance of other arts before it and like it, is struggling and fretting under the natural limitations of its existence, and striving to become something other than it is." p. 169.

Not to weary our readers, we will add but a single paragraph, the closing one of the book, as indicating the serious, slightly sombre, and almost severe tinge of the writer's mind.

"I could pursue this subject willingly, but I have some strange notions about it, which it is perhaps wiser not loosely to set down. I content myself with finally reasserting, what has been throughout the burden of the preceding pages, that whatever rank, or whatever importance, may be attributed or attached to their immediate subject, there is at least some value in the analogies with which its pursuit has presented us, and some instruction in the frequent reference of its commonest necessities to the mighty laws, in the sense and scope of which all men are builders, whom every hour sees laying the stubble or the stone.

"I have paused, not once nor twice, as I wrote, and often have checked the course of what might otherwise have been importunate persuasion, as the thought has crossed me, how soon all architecture may be vain, except that which is not made with hands. There is something ominous in the light which has enabled us to look back with disdain upon the ages among whose lovely vestiges we have been wandering. I could smile when I hear the hopeful exultation of many, at the new reach of worldly science, and vigor of worldly effort; as if we were again at the beginning of days. There is thunder on the horizon as well as dawn. The sun was risen upon the earth when Lot entered into Zoar." p. 177.

We shall have answered our end, if we have gratified a few by the thoughts here suggested, and still more, if we direct any of our readers to a work abounding in close and exact illustration, which we have had no room so much as to refer to, as well as in passages of exquisite beauty and vivid eloquence, of which we have culled only a few of the most prominent.

ART. III. — *Dix Ans d'Études Historiques*. Par AUGUSTIN THIERRY, Membre de l'Institut. Quatrième Edition, revue et augmentée. Paris. 1842.

WHEN a child who has received a new toy, gives but one moment to the ecstasy of admiration, and straightway proceeds to pull the ingenious machine to pieces, the chances are that he will be made to smart for his diligence; yet the punishment, whatever may be said of its justice, is very sure to prove ineffectual. The angry parent ought to recognize in himself